With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
Yorke. My aſhes like the *Phœnix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why ſtay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. Cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doues do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So deſperate theeues, all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainſt the Officers.
Yorke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that ſlanderſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe very looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, ſpeake thou *Northumberland.*
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

Fight and take him.

Clif. I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcoke with the gin.
North. So doth the Cunny ſtruggle with the net.
Yorke. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbbers ouer-matcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queene. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aimde at Mountaines with out-ſtretched arme,

And

And parted but the ſhadow
Was it you that reueld in ou
And made a prechment of y
Where are your meſſe of ſo
The wanton *Edward*, and th
Or wher's that valiant crook
Dickey your boy, that with h
Was wont to cheare his Da
Or mongſt the reſt, where is
Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napk
That valiant Clifford with h
Made iſſue from the boſom
And if thine eyes can water
I giue thee this to dry thy ch
Alas poore *Yorke*: but that I
I ſhould lament thy miſerab
I prethee grieue to make me
Stampe, raue and fret, that I
VVhat, hath thy fiery heart
That not a teare can fall for
Thou wouldſt be feede I ſee
Yorke cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe
A crowne for Yorke, and Lo
So, hold you his hands, whil
I, now lookes he like a King
This is he that tooke King
And this is he was his adopt
But how is it that great Plan
Is crownd ſo ſoone, and bro
As I bethinke me, you ſhoul
Till our Henry had ſhooke h
and will you impale your hea
and rob his temples of the D
Now in his life, againſt your
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpar
Off with the crowne, and wi
and whilſt we breathe, take t

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